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being garbed in morning coats and gray tophats. The horses are the best in England. I was unsuccessful in my betting, but placed for Nicky a half-crown on a horse that came in 100 to 8. Tonight, we dined at Nancy's. Michael Astor and his wife came there on their way to their own house. We sat up late, playing jokes and games.

June 21, 1962 - Thursday

After a stroll around the beautiful gardens and grounds of this house, we lunched early and went to Ascot again. Yesterday there were a few Ambassadors with their wives in the Diplomatic Box. Today, because of the big race, this box was jammed. We fooled around, looking at the people and horses, met many acquaintances, had a drink in White's Club tent, and watched the horses run. Yesterday, the Queen invited us for tea in the private room back of her box. She has quite a superb set-up. The box itself is tremendous, with a curving glass window which provides the best view of the race track. I sat next to her at tea, and enjoyed her conversation. After the races, we came back to town. E hurriedly dressed and left for a dinner-dance at Sir John and Lady Dashwood's, at Wycombe Park. It lasted until the wee hours of the morning, and she said it was marvelously well arranged.

June 22, 1962 - Friday

I left for Paris this morning on the Olympic Airline, owned by the Greek Onassis. It was a jet plane enroute to Athens. We made Paris in 45 minutes. I picked up Monnet and lunched with him at Le Doyen on the Champs Elysees. During a long talk, he gave me much interesting information about European integration affairs. He is confident arrangements will be made permitting the UK to adhere to the Rome Treaty. I have seldom had a more enjoyable afternoon.

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attraction. A huge lake is below the Italian garden terraces. Like other near-by ponds, it is resorted to by swans, geese, and ducks of many varieties. Fishing rights on part of it are leased to the public. Anglers arrive at daybreak, with the hope of catching the famous pike, which occasionally weigh as much as 45 pounds. The park seems endless, with enormous trees and great areas of clear space. There are literally miles of rhododendrons, as well as great clusters of azaleas. The soil is rich, well adapted to raising grain and the management of dairy cattle. All in all, it would be almost impossible to find a flaw in this place.

Lansdowne returned for dinner, together with some neighbors, and we played games afterwards. He came into this possession fortuitously. He had three male cousins, all of whom were killed, two of them in the last war, as was his father. When he succeeded the estate was crippled by death taxes, so the best of the books, furniture, and other art objects had to be sacrificed. He retains, however, a place in Scotland, and two in Ireland. An attractive man, he works in the Colonial Office.

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E and I went tonight to an American play called "The Premise". There are few plays I cannot sit through, but this one seemed so unamusing to us that we left between the acts. Virginia Surtees came for a late dinner with us.

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August 9, 1962 - Thursday

Bill Kaiser spent some time this morning with me, and the most of the rest of it was occupied with Ken Dyer and others in the establishment, making plans for President Eisenhower's visit to England.

Sasha and Nicky came down to the office, and seemed to enjoy hugely their lunch here with me.

Harold Stassen called on me this afternoon. He is in London representing certain clients who wish him to consider various aspects of their business situations in connection with the possibly entry of Great Britain into the Common Market. He said he was greatly concerned over the position of the American dollar. He had

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In turn, the Americans can continue to add imaginative corruptions to the English language, to promote the use of tranquillizers, strange unguents and stranger medicines, to assail c[illegible]sical music lovers with the cacophonies of modern melodies, to pervert conventional masculine dress, to descend upon this capital yearly like a devouring swarm of locusts, and drive almost the entire population of London, in despair, away from it for the month of August. And yet none of these happenings have caused a governmental clash between us.

In spite of the belligerent utterances of a few chauvinists on either side of the Atlantic, it looks as if we will indefinitely join together on July 4th to drink a toast:

"To the Day We Celebrate."

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Dr. Hans Christian Haltef, Deputy Secretary General of Western European Union, whom I knew in Bonn, came to see me.

The new Peruvian Ambassador, Senor don Gonzalo de Aramburu, made his initial call. Born in 1899, a barrister, he entered his country's Foreign Service in the early 1930's. After assignments in Madrid and Brussels, he was appointed to London in 1936. He was named Minister to Brazil in 1943, to Algiers in 1944, and was later in Paris. In 1946 he was named Ambassador to Colombia, to Ecuador in 1952, to Bonn in 1953, to Uruguay in 1955, and to the Netherlands in 1961.

Mary Graham Bruce came to tea with us late this afternoon. We discussed Belmont, which I bought from her, and home news of other sorts.

Tonight, E and I went to the British American Ball at the Dorchester. We were invited for 9:20, dinner at 9:30. Drinking commenced at 8:30.

Just to cheer matters up, Sasha has whooping cough.

Mary Bruce is getting on towards 70. She has been crippled for years, as a result of foxhunting accidents. She was regarded as one of the greatest horsewomen of her time. Her last break, oddly enough, was that of a leg when she stumbled over her own dog in the dark. Some Marylanders, engaged in the hazardous pursuit of foxes, seem to have suffered more from ordinary mishaps than from the dangers of riding. Louis Merriman, as reckless a man as ever sat in a saddle, was finally almost irretrievably crippled by a fall resulting from his hooking his toes in the chair in front of him during a political meeting, then toppling over backwards. He was not a man of great discretion. Before his fracture healed, he rode side saddle, with his leg in a plaster cast, and had a frightful tumble over a fence, which really smashed him up. Another friend of Mary and myself, Lurman Stewart, one of the greatest of trainers of hunting horses, almost miraculously escaped serious injury until, while rolling a barrel of whiskey down the steps of his own house, it got out of control and

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